shall grow stronger then twas before.

Cas. You aduise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

Cas. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago*. *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest suite, she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, wer't to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?
To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course.
Directly to his good? diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackest sins put on,
They doe suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I doe now: for while this honest foole
Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore:
I'le poure this pestilence into his eare,
That she repeales him for her bodyes lust;
And by how much she striues to doe him good,
She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the net
That shall enmesh em all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo*?

Rod.

Rod. I do follow here in the cha
one that filles vp the cry: my mon
exceedingly well cudgeld: I thin
much experience for my paines,
all, and with that wit returne to

Iag. How poore are they, that
What wound did euer heale, but
Thou knowest we worke by wit,
And wit depends on dilatory time
Do'st not goe well? *Cassio* has b
And thou, by that small hurt, hast
Tho other things grow faire agai
But fruites that blossome first, will
Content thy selfe awhile; bi'the
Pleasure, and action, make the hou
Retire thee, goe where thou art bi
Away I say, thou shalt know mo
Nay get thee gon. Some things a
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to
I'le set her on.
My selfe awhile, to draw the Moo
And bring him iumpe, when he m
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the w
Dull not deuise by coldnesse and d

Enter Cassio, *with Musitian*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will
Something that's briefe

Clo. Why masters, ha your in
speake i'the nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clo. Are these I pray, cald win

Boy. I marry are they sir.

Clo. O, there by hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle si

Clo. Marry sir, by many a wi

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